

WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

1.00 PER ANNUM.

KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI. FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1896.

VOL. XVII NO. 3

An Old Lady's Love Story.

I sat spinning at my wheel, in the sun, for the autumn day was cold, when I heard some one whistling; and looking up, there was young Squire Turner, with his arms folded on the gate, looking over. When he caught my eye he laughed, and I blushed; and arose and made him a courtesy.

He was a handsome gentleman, the Squire, and the hand from which he pulled the glove shimmered in the sun with pearls and diamonds; and he was bonny to look at, with his hair like spun gold in the October sunlight.

When I courtesied he bowed, and said he, "I've spoiled one pretty picture that I could have looked at all day, but I've made another as pretty, so I'll not grieve. May I come in?"

"And welcome, sir," said I; and set a chair for him, for he was father's landlord; but for all that I felt uncomfortable. He talked away, paying me more compliments than I was used to, for grandmother, who brought me up, said, "handsome is as handsome does," and beauty is but skin deep."

Since I'm telling the story I'll tell the truth. I had done wrong about one thing. Neither of the old folks knew I wore Evan Locke's ring in my bosom, or that we'd taken a vow to each other beside the hawthorn that grew in the church-lane. I never meant to deceive, but grannie was old and a little hard, and that love of mine was such a sweet secret. Besides, money seems to outweigh all else when people have struggled all their lives through to turn a penny, and they knew Evan was a poor, struggling young surgeon. I thought I'd wait a while until I could sweeten the news with the fact that he had begun to make his fortune.

Grannie came in from the dairy five minutes after the Squire was gone, and heard he had been there. I didn't tell her of his fine speeches, but there was a keyhole to the door she came through, and I have a guess she heard them.

That night we had something else to think of. Misfortune had come upon grandfather; but I didn't foresee that when the half year's rent should fall due, not a penny to pay it would be found.

All this time Evan Locke and I had been as fond of each other and he came as often as before to talk with grandpa on the winter nights; and still every little while our young landlord, Squire Turner, would drop in and sit in his lazy way watching me spin. Once or twice he was flushed with wine and over bold, for he tried to kiss me. But Squire or no squire, I boxed his ears for his pains, and no softer than I could help either.

I could not help his coming, nor help seeing him when he came, and I did not deserve that Evan be angry with me. But he was. Eh, so high and mighty, and spoke as though one like the square could mean no good by coming to so poor a place as the schoolmaster's.

He made me angry, and I spoke up:

"For that matter, the Squire would be glad to have me promise to marry him," said I. "He thinks more of me than—"

"May be you like him better," said Evan.

"I don't say that," replied I. "But bad temper and jealousy scarce make me over fond of another. I pray I may never have a husband who will scold me." For he had been scolding me—no other name for it.

Well, Evan was wroth with me and I with him—not heart deep, though, I thought—and we did not see him for more than a week. I was troubled much, though, I knew he would come again, and mayhap ask my pardon. For before you are wed you can bring your lover to his senses. So I did not fret after Evan's absence, nor quite snub Squire Turner, who liked me more than ever. But

one night grandfather came in, and shutting the door, stood between grandpa and me, looking at me so strangely that we both grew frightened. At last he spoke:

"I've been to the Squire's," said he. "For the first time I had to tell him that I could not pay the rent when due."

I opened my lips. Grandpa's hand covered them. Grandpa drew me to him.

"Thou'rt young, lass," he said, "and they are right who call you pretty. Child, couldn't like the Squire well enough to wed him?"

"Eh?" cried grandpa. "Sure, you're not wandering?"

"Squire Turner asked me for this lass of our to-night. Of all the women in the world there is but one he loves as he should his wife, that is our Agatha."

"I dream of golden rings and white roses on Christmas eve," cried grannie. "I knew the lass would be lucky."

But I put my head on grandfather's shoulder and hid my face. The truth was out, I knew.

"Will have him and be a rich lady!" said grandpa. And when he had waited for an answer, I burst out with "No" and a sob together.

"She's frightened," said grandpa. "Nay, we must all wed once in our lives, my child."

Then grandpa talked to me. He told me how poor they had grown, and how kind the Squire was, and I had but to marry him to make my grandparents free from debt and poverty their lives through. If I refused and vexed the Squire, heaven only knew what might happen.

"She'll never ruin us," sobbed grandpa.

Ah! it was hard to bear—bitter hard; but now there was no help for it. I took the ring from my bosom and laid it on my palm and told them it was Evan Locke's, and that I had plighted my troth to him. And grandpa called me a deceitful wench, and grandfather looked as though his heart would break. Oh, I would have done anything for them—anything but give up my true love.

That night I kissed his ring and prayed heaven that he might love me always. In the morning it was gone, ribbon and all, from my neck. I looked for it high and low, but found no sign of it. And I began to fear the loss of that dear ring was a sign that I would never marry Evan Locke.

The days passed on, and he never came near me.

"Oh, it was cruel in him," I thought, "to hold such anger for a hasty word he had provoked when I spoke it, yet he must know I loved him."

And grandpa would scarcely look at me (I know why now), and grandpa sighed and moaned, and talked of the work house.

I could not help his coming, nor help seeing him when he came, and I did not deserve that Evan be angry with me. But he was. Eh, so high and mighty, and spoke as though one like the square could mean no good by coming to so poor a place as the schoolmaster's.

He made me angry, and I spoke up:

"For that matter, the Squire would be glad to have me promise to marry him," said I. "He thinks more of me than—"

"May be you like him better," said Evan.

"I don't say that," replied I. "But bad temper and jealousy scarce make me over fond of another. I pray I may never have a husband who will scold me." For he had been scolding me—no other name for it.

Well, Evan was wroth with me and I with him—not heart deep, though, I thought—and we did not see him for more than a week. I was troubled much, though, I knew he would come again, and mayhap ask my pardon. For before you are wed you can bring your lover to his senses. So I did not fret after Evan's absence, nor quite snub Squire Turner, who liked me more than ever. But

"I'm no chatterbox to tell falsehoods about my neighbors."

And still I would not believe it until I had walked across the moor, and had seen the shutters fast closed and the door barred, and not a sign of life about the place. Then I gave up hope. I went home all pale and trembling, and sat down at grandpa's knee.

"It's true," said I.

"And for the sake of so false a lad you'll see your grandfather ruined and break his heart, and leave me, that have nursed you from a babe, a widow."

I looked at her as she sobbed and found strength to say: "Give me to whom you will then, since my own love does not want me."

And then I crept up stairs and sat down on my bedside, weak as though I had fainted. I would have thanked heaven for forgetfulness just then, but it wouldn't come.

The next day Squire Turner was in the parlor as my accepted lover. How pleased he was, and how the color came back into grandfather's old face. And grandpa grew so proud and kind, and all the house was aglow, and only I sad. But I could not forget Evan—Evan whom I had loved so—sailing away from me without a word.

I suppose they all saw I looked sad. The Squire talked of my health, and would make me ride with him over the moors for strength.

The old folks said nothing. They knew what ailed me; only our little Scotch maid seemed to think there was aught wrong. Once she said to me:

"What ails ye, miss? Your eye is dull and your cheek is pale, and your brow grand lover cannot make ye smile; ye are na that ill, either."

"No, I am well enough," said I.

She looked wistfully at me.

"Gin ye'd tell me your all, I might tell ye a cure," she said.

But there was no help for me in this world, and I couldn't open my heart to simple Jennie. So the days rolled by, and I was close on my marriage eve, and grannie and Dorothy Plume were busy with my wedding robes. I wished it were my shroud they were working on instead.

And one night the pain in my heart grew too great, and I went out among the purple heather on the moor and there knelt down under the stars and prayed to be taken from the world; "for how can I live without Evan?" I said.

I spoke the words aloud, and then started up in affright, for there at my side was an elfish little figure, and I heard a cry that first I scarce thought earthly. Yet it was but Scotch Jennie, who had followed me.

"Why do you call for your true love now?" she said; "ye sent him frae ye for sake o' the young squire."

"How dare you follow and watch me?"

But she caught my sleeve.

"Dianna be vexed," she said. "Just bide a wee, and answer what I speer. It's for love of you, for I've seen ye waste like the snaw wreath in the sun sin the squire wooed ye. Was it your will that the lad that loved the ground ye trod on should have his ring again?"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"I'll speak gin I lose my place," said Jennie. "I rode with the mistress to young Doctor Locke's place past the moor, and there she lighted and gave him a ring, and what she said I know not, but it turned him the tint o' death, and said he: 'There's na a drop a true bluid in a woman's gin she is false. And he turned to the wall and covered his eyes, and your grannie rode home. There, 'tis all I ken—wall it do!'"

"Ay, Jennie," said I; "heaven bless you!"

And had I wings on my feet I could not have come to the cottage door sooner. I stood before my grandmother, trembling and white, and I said: "Oh, don't tell me, grannie, you have cheated me and

robbed me of my true love by a lie. Did you steal the troth ring from my neck and give it back to Evan, as if from me? You've loved and honored my life long—"

She turned scarlet. "True love!" said she; "You've but one true love now—Squire Turner."

"You have done it!" I cried. "It's written on your face." And she looked down at that and fell to weeping.

"My own true love was breaking his heart," she said. "My husband and I had loved for forty years. I did it to save him. Could I let a girl's fancy worth nothing stand in my way and see him a beggar in his old age? Oh girl, girl!"

And then I fell at her feet like a stone. I knew nothing for an hour or more; but when I was better, and they left me with Jenny, I bade her fetch my hood and cloak and her own, and come with me, and away I went across the moor in the starlight to where the hall windows were ablaze with light, and asked the house-keeper to let me see the squire.

She stared at me for my boldness—no wonder—but called him. So in a moment he stood before me in his evening dress, with his cheeks flushed and his eyes bright, and led me into a little room and seated me.

"Agatha, my love, I hope no mischance brings you here." But I stopped him.

"Not your love, Squire Turner," said I. "I thank you for thinking so well of me, but after all that has passed, I—"

I could say no more. He took my hand. "Have I offended you, Agatha?" he said.

"Not you. The offence—the guilt—oh, I've been so sorely cheated!" and all I could do was to sob.

At last strength came to me. I went back to the first and told him all, how we had been plighted to each other, waiting only for better prospects to wed, and how when he honored me by an offer of his hand, I angered my grandmother by owning to the truth, and of the ring grannie had stolen from my breast, and the false message that had been sent my promised husband from me.

"And though I never see Evan Locke again," said I, "still I can never be another man's true love, for I am his until I die."

Then, as I looked, all the rich color faded out of the squire's face and I saw the sight we seldom see in a lifetime, a strong young man in tears.

At last he arose and came to me. "My little Agatha never loved me," he said. "Ah, me! The news is bad. I thought she did. This comes of vanity."

"Many a higher and fairer have hearts to give," I said. "Mine was gone ere you saw me."

And then, kind and gentle, as though I had grieved him, he gave me his arm and saw me across the moor, and at the gate paused and whispered—

"Be at rest, Agatha. The Golden George has not sailed yet."

"I liked him better than I had ever done before that night when I told grannie that I would never wed him."

"Eh! but he was fit to be a king—the grandest, kindest, the best of living men; who rode away with the break of the morrow and never stopped till he reached Liverpool and found Evan Locke just ready to set foot upon the Golden George, and told him a tale that made his heart light and sent him back to me. Heaven bless him!"

And who was it that sent old grandfather the deed of gift that made the cottage his own, and who spoke a kind word to the gentry for young Dr. Locke that helped him into practice? Still no one but Squire Turner, whom we taught our children to pray for every night. For we were married and in a few years had boys and girls at our knees; and when the eldest was nigh two, the thing I needed to make me quite happy happened—and from far over the sea, where he had been twelve-

months, came our squire, with the bonniest lady that ever blushed beside him, and the hall had a mistress at last—a mistress who loved the squire as I loved Evan.

Eh, but it's an old story. She that I remembered a girl I saw in the coffin withered and old. And then they opened the vault where the squire had slept ten years to put her beside him; and I've nothing left of Evan, my life and my love, but his memory, and it seems as if every hope and dream of joy I ever had were put away under the tombstones. And even the Golden George, the great strong ship that would have borne my dear from me has mouldered away at the bottom of the sea. And I think my wedding ring is like to outlast us all, for I have it yet and I shall be ninety to morrow. Ninety! A good old age, and it can't be long now before I meet Evan and the rest in heaven.

The great favor in which Ayer's Pills are held all over the world has been well earned. They are easy and even pleasant to take, and for all complaints of the stomach, liver, and bowels, are the safest and most thorough medicine in pharmacy. Every dose effective.

Letters remaining in the Post office, Apr. 13, 1896, will be sent to the dead letter office at the expiration of 15 days.

John Burrell, Mrs. Mary E. Leotier, Thomas Pratt, Jane Pratt, Rev. Shleter, Wm. Williams.

When calling for these letters please say advertised.

D. C. PIERCE, P. M.

No small objection which young folks had to the old-time spring medicine was their nauseousness. In our day, this objection is removed and Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the most powerful and popular of blood-purifiers, is as pleasant to the palate as a cordial.

Condensed Testimony.

Chas. B. Hood, Broker and Manufacturer's Agent, Columbus, Ohio, certifies that Dr. King's New Discovery has no equal as a cough remedy. J. D. Brown, Prop. St. James Hotel, Ft. Wayne, Ind., testifies that he was cured of a cough of two years standing, caused by LaGrippe, by Dr. King's New Discovery. B. F. Merrill, Baldwinville, Mass., says that he has used and recommended it and never knew it to fail, and would rather have it than any doctor, because it always cures. Mrs. Hemming, 222 E. 25th St., Chicago, always keeps it at hand and has no fear of croup, because it instantly relieves. Free trial bottles at B. F. Henry's drug store.

Did You Ever Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all female complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have Loss of appetite, constipation, headache, fainting spells, or are nervous, sleepless, excitable, melancholy or troubled with dizzy spells Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Fifty cents and \$1.00 at B. F. Henry's drug store.

Our Next Excursion via the Wabash.

April 10th we will sell Home Seekers Excursion tickets to Ala., Ariz., Ark., Ia., Ind. Ty., Kans., Ky., La., Minn., Miss., S. Mo., N. Dak., Okla., Tenn., and Texas at one fare (plus \$2.00) for the round trip. Good one month. Stop over. Just the thing. If you contemplate a trip confer with me, for full particulars. Two (2) fast trains daily Kirkville to St. Louis, Kansas City, Des Moines, and St. Paul, with through chair cars and sleepers via "The Great Wabash Route."

W. E. NOONAN, Agt.

To California via Burlington Route.

Vestibuled Trains to Denver; Through connecting sleepers to San Francisco. Scenic Colorado, 98 per cent sunshine; returning via Puget Sound, Yellowstone Park, Billings, Custer Battle Field, Hot Springs, Black Hills. Every desirable feature enroute on one ticket. Consult Ticket Agent.

L. W. BAKLEY, G. P. A. St. Louis, Mo.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c per box. For sale by B. F. Henry's drugstore.

To the Goldfields of the West VIA THE BURLINGTON ROUTE.

A fast through vestibuled train daily to Denver making direct connections for Cripple Creek, Col., also fast daily trains to the gold fields of Montana and Black Hills. 200 Miles shortest line from Missouri River; ask your agent for information about the Burlington Route.

L. W. WAKELEY, G. P. A. St. Louis, Mo.

Poland Chinas.

I still have some extra P. C. pigs yet for sale. Corn in crib is not advancing, but pigs will grow when it is fed to them. Our chickens and turkeys for the trade have all been sold. But we have eggs from fine pens, B. Langshans, L. Bramas, B. Langshans, L. Bramas, B. Plymouth Rocks, S. C. Leghorns and M. B. Turkeys for sale at living prices. If you want eggs, write us.

N. O. MINEAR, Kirkville, Mo.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—One of the highest, nicest, most level blocks of ground in the city. Will take small house as part pay. Inquire at GRAPHIC office. Will sell all or part.

SPECIFIC FOR SCROFULA.

"Since childhood, I have been afflicted with scrofulous boils and sores, which caused me terrible suffering. Physicians were unable to help me, and I only grew worse under their care. At length, I began to take

AYER'S Sarsaparilla, and very soon grew better. After using half a dozen bottles I was completely cured, so that I have not had a boil or pimple on any part of my body for the last twelve years. I can cordially recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the very best blood-purifier in existence."—G. T. REINHART, Myersville, Texas.

AYER'S THE ONLY WORLD'S FAIR Sarsaparilla

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cures Coughs and Cold

DEALER IN GRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS

ALL kinds of Cemetery Work, Opposite Masonic Hall, Kirkville, Mo.

A. P. WILLARD, Physician and Surgeon,

Continues the practice in all the branches of the profession. Treatment of Chronic Diseases and Injuries a specialty by the aid of Electro-magnetism. Office—North side of public square, hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., residence one block north on Franklin street, No. 305.

THE ENDOPATH INSTITUTE

DR. FULKERSON, MANAGER AND OPERATOR.

TREATMENT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS OF NATURE, CURES WITHOUT THE ASSISTANCE OF DRUGS.

The effect of a drug administered without administering the drug, is a new and powerful method of curing disease.

For full particulars, send for circulars, or write to Dr. Fulkerson, 100 North 3rd St., St. Joseph, Mo.

Howard Elliott, Gen. Mgr., ST. JOSEPH, MO. D. K. Torrey, T. P. A., ST. JOSEPH, MO.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

whereas Kate M. Stephens by her certain deed of trust dated on the 1st day of October, 1891, and recorded in the recorder's office of Adair county on the 11 day of October, 1912 in mortgage book F 17 page 28, did convey to the undersigned the following described real estate, lying and being in the county of Adair and state of Missouri to-wit:

Ten acres the south half of the south half of the northeast quarter of the south west 1/4 and ten acres the north half of the south half of the northeast 1/4 of the south west 1/4, all in section No. 13, township 6S, range No. 12, and eleven acres being at the south west corner of the north half of the northeast 1/4 of the south west 1/4 of section No. 13, township 6S, range 12, thence north 5 chains and 50 links, thence east 5 chains, thence south 5 chains and 50 links, thence west 5 chains and 50 links, thence north 5 chains, thence east 5 chains, thence north 5 chains, which conveyance was made in trust to secure the payment of a promissory note in said deed of trust described, and whereas default has been made in payment of said note and the same remains unpaid and unpaid. Therefore at the request of the legal holder, and owner of said note and deed of trust and under the powers of said deed the undersigned trustee hereby give notice that I will sell

11th DAY OF MAY, 1896,

between the hours of 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and 5 o'clock in the afternoon of that day at the court house in the city of Kirkville, Adair county, Mo., for the purpose of selling the property above described at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash for the purpose of satisfying said note and costs of executing this trust.

HENRY E. PATTERSON, Trustee.

FUNK & WAGNALL'S STANDARD DICTIONARY

is everywhere acknowledged by Educators, Scholars, the Press, and the Public to be THE BEST FOR ALL PURPOSES

It is the latest, Most Complete Contains 100,000 words, many thousands more than any other dictionary ever published. More than \$500,000 were expended in its production. 100 Specialists and editors were engaged in its preparation.

ITS DEFINITIONS ARE CLEAR AND EXACT. President Milne, of New York State Normal college, says its definitions are best to be found anywhere. Scores of critics say the same.

ITS ETYMOLOGIES ARE SOUND. They are especially commended by the Atlantic Monthly, Boston, the Westminster Review, London, Sunday School Times, Philadelphia, and scores of others.

IT IS A GOVERNMENT AUTHORITY. It is in use in all the departments of the United States Government at Washington, and in all departments of the Dominion of Canada. Government experts give it the preference on all disputed points.

IT IS ADAPTED IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. of New York City and elsewhere. Its new educational features are extremely valuable in training pupils in correct use of words, spelling, hyphens, etc. Its illustrations are superb. Its tables of coin weight and measures, plants, animals, etc., are exhaustive and cannot be found elsewhere.

IT IS THE MOST HIGHLY COMEMENDED. Never has a dictionary been welcomed with such unanimous and unqualified praises by the press, the great universities, and by educators and critics throughout the English-speaking world. Americans are proud of it. Englishmen admire it.

The London Times says, "The merits of the standard Dictionary are indisputable and are abundantly attested by a large number of unimpeachable authorities."

The New York Herald says, "The Standard Dictionary is a triumph in the art of publication. It is the most satisfactory and most complete dictionary yet printed."

The St. James's Budget, Gazette, London, says, "The Standard Dictionary should be the pride of literary America, as it is the admiration of literary England."

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY. AGENTS WANTED.

PRICES. In 1 vol. In 2 vols. \$10.00 \$18.00

Half Russia, \$5.00 Full Russia, \$8.00 Morocco, \$12.00 \$20.00

If no agent is in your town send your subscription to Funk & Wagnall Co., 36 Lafayette Pl., New York. Descriptive Circulars will be sent on application.

Election Notice

Notice is hereby given that a special election will be held on Tuesday, the 21st day of April, 1896, at the regular voting place in each precinct in several townships in Adair county, State of Missouri to determine whether the said county of Adair shall incur an indebtedness of not exceeding \$50,000 for the purpose of building a Court House and Jail in said county, and the issuing of bonds of said county therefor to an amount not exceeding \$50,000.

Done by order of the county court March 24th 1896.

W. C. CARTER, D. D. S., —SUCCESSOR TO—

DR. J. H. CARTER

OFFICE UP STAIRS SOUTH SIDE. KIRKSVILLE, MO.

JOHN W. TURNER, D. D. Physician and Surgeon,

Thirty years experience in Private and Hospital practice. OFFICE Over Union Bank. Careful and prompt attention given to all professional business.

TELEPHONE NO. 20. KIRKSVILLE, MO.

CHARLES H. LEE, DEALER IN GRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS

All kinds of Cemetery Work, Opposite Masonic Hall, Kirkville, Mo.